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NO. 25,

OCT. 23, 1869.

VOL. 3.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE



THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 23, 1869.

[Vol. 3

GERTRUDE VON DER WERT.

A lady seeing her husband broken on the wheel.

Her hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised.
The breeze blew back her hair,
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed,
All that she loved was there.

The night was round her, clear and cold,
The Holy Heaven above,
And pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried,
"My Rudolph, say not so;
"This is no time to quit thy side.
"Peace! Peace! I cannot go.

"I have been with thee in thine hour
"Of glory and of bliss,
"Trust you its memory's living power
"To strengthen me through this."

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe,
She bore her lofty part.

But Oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek,
Love, love, of mortal agony,
Thou, only thou, shouldst speak.

The wind rose high, but with it rose
Her voice that he might hear;
Perchance that moment brought repose
To happy bosoms near.

While she sat struggling with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the raging storm.

She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips in dew;
And on his cheeks such kisses pressed,
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh lovely are ye, hope and faith:
Enduring to the last,
She had her meed—one smile in death,
And his worn spirit passed.

And while, o'er a martyr's grave,
She knelt on that sad spot,
She weeping blessed the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not.

THE GHOST OF THE AGUE.

We had both, Tilly—by which affectionate diminutive, I mean my adored Matilda—and your humble servant, agreed that it was not only inexpedient, but in the highest degree contrary to the duty we owed to the community at large, to wait any longer. I had a hundred arguments to bring forward against the baleful effects of long engagements; and Tilly began to quote poetry of a morbid tendency. Our parents and guardians entertained different opinions. My uncle Bonsor wanted us to wait till the shares in the Caerlyon-upon-Usk Something-Or-Other Company, in which undertaking I was vicariously interested, were at a premium—they have been at a hopeless discount for years. Tilly's papa and mamma called Tilly a girl and self a boy, when we were nothing whatsoever of the kind, and only the most ardent and faithful pair of young lovers that had existed since the time of Abelard and Heloise, or Florio and Biancafiora. As, however, our parents and guardians were not made of adamant or Roman cement, we were not permitted to add another couple to the catalogue of historically unfortunate lovers. Uncle Bonsor and Mr. and Mrs. Captain Standfast (my Tilly's papa and mamma) at last relented. Much was effected towards this desirable consummation by my arguments against celibacy, contained in eight pages foolscap, and of which I made copies in triplicate for the benefit of our hard-hearted relatives. More was done by Tilly threatening to poison herself, most, however, was accomplished by our both making up our minds to tell a piece thereof to our parents and guardians, and telling them that if they did not acquiesce in our views, we would run away and get married at the very first opportunity. There was no just cause or impediment. We were young, healthy, and had plenty of money between us. Loads of money—as we thought then. As to personal appearance, Tilly was simply lovely, and my whiskers had not been ill-spoken of in the best society in Dover. So it was all arranged, and on the twenty-seventh of December, eighteen forty dash, being the morrow of Boxing-day, Alfred Starling, gent., was to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Matilda, only daughter of Captain Rockleigh Standfast, R. N., of Snargate-stone Villa, Dover.

I had been left an orphan at a very early age, and the guardian of my moderate property (including the shares in the Caerlyon-upon-Usk Something-or-Other concern), and guardian of my person, was my uncle Bonsor. He sent me to Merchant Taylors', and afterwards for a couple of years to college at Bonn, on the Rhine. He afterwards—to keep me

out of mischief, I believe—paid a handsome premium for my entrance into the counting-house of Messrs. Baum, Brömm, and Boompjees, German merchants, of Finsbury Circus, under whose tutelage I did as little as I liked in the corresponding department, and was much envied by my brother salaried clerks. My uncle Bonsor resided chiefly at Dover, where he was making large sums of money by government contracts, whose objects apparently consisted in boring holes in the chalk and then filling them up again. My uncle was, perhaps, the most respectable man in Europe, and was well known in the city of London as "Responsible Bonsor." He was one of those men who are confidently said to be "good for any amount." He had a waistcoat—worn winter and summer—a waistcoat that wavered in hue between a sunny buff and a stony drab, which looked so ineffably respectable that I am certain if it had been presented at the pay-counter of any bank in Lombard-street, the clerks would have cashed it at once for any amount of notes or gold demanded. My uncle Bonsor entrenched himself behind this astonishing garment as behind a fortification, and fired guns of respectability at you. That waistcoat had carried resolutions, assuaged the ire of indignant shareholders, given stability to wavering schemes, and brought in thumping subscriptions for burnt-out Caffres and destitute Fee-jees. It was a safe waistcoat, and Bonsor was a safe man. He was mixed up with a good many companies; but whenever a projector or promoter came to him with a plan, my responsible uncle would confer with his waistcoat, and within five minutes would either tell the projector or promoter to walk out of his counting-house, or put his name down for a thousand pounds. And the scheme was made that Responsible Bonsor put his name down for.

It was arranged that I was to go down to Dover on Christmas eve, staying at my uncle's and that we were to dine all together at Captain Standfast's on Christmas-day. Boxing-day was to be devoted to bonnets on the part of my beloved, and to the signing and sealing of certain releases, deeds, covenants and other documents connected with law and money, on the part of self, my uncle, and my prospective papa-in-law, and on the twenty-seventh we were to be married.

Of course my connexion with Messrs. Baum, Brömm and Boompjees was brought to an amicable termination. I gave the clerks a grand treat at a hostelry in Newgate Street, and had the pleasure of receiving, at a somewhat late hour, and at least eighty-seven times, a unanimous choral assurance, not unaccompanied by hiccups, that I was a "jolly good fellow." I was unwillingly compelled to defer my departure for Dover till the 8:30 p.m. express mail on Christmas-eve, being engaged to a farewell dinner at four, at the mansion of our Mr. Max Boompjees, junior and dinner-giving partner in the firm, in Finsbury Circus. A capital dinner it was, and very merry. I left the gentlemen over their wine, and had just time to catch the mail train at London Bridge.

You know how quickly time passes on a railway journey when one has dined comfortably before starting. I seemed to have been telegraphed down to Dover, so rapidly were the eighty odd miles skimmed over. But it now becomes my duty to impart to you the knowledge of my Terrible Misfortune. In my youth, a little boy at a preparatory school near Ashford, I had experienced a touch of the dreadful disease of the Kentish marshes. How long this malady had lain concealed in my frame, and by what accident of time or temperature it became again evolved, I had no means of judging, but by the time the train arrived at Dover, I was in the throes of acute Ague.

It was a horrible, persistent, regular shivering and shaking, a racking palsy, a violent tremor, accompanied, I am sure, by fever, for my temples throbbed, and I experienced an almost deafening, jarring, rattling noise in the head. My

blood seemed all in revolt, and surging backwards and forwards in my veins, and my unhappy body swayed from side to side with the distempered current. On the platform I staggered to and fro; and the porter of whose arm I caught hold to steady myself, seemed, lantern and all, by mere communicated violence, to be shaken and buffeted about as I was. I had always been an abstemious young man, and had not exceeded in the consumption of the hospitable junior partner's rare old hock; besides, for all the noise in my head, I could think and talk—albeit my teeth chattered, and my tongue wagged in my mouth with aguish convulsions. I had never known before that railway porters were a hard-hearted race, but one tall man in velveteen, grinned most impertinently as I was helped into a fly, and I am certain that his companion, a short, fat fellow, with a leer in his eye, thrust his tongue into his cheek as he heaped, at my desire, great-coats and rugs over me, and bade the flyman drive to the Marine Parade, where my uncle resided. I had told every one at the station about my attack of ague.

"He's got his load," I heard the tall porter exclaim, as we drove off. Of course he meant that the flyman had got all my luggage.

It was a dreadful five minutes' ride to my uncle's. The fit was so strong on me that my head and limbs kept bumping against opposite sides of the fly, and once came in contact with the window glass. And the noise in my head never ceased. I stumbled out, somehow, when the vehicle stopped, and, clinging to the knocker of the avuncular door, struck such a quivering peal of blows—I had previously scattered the cabman's fare on the pavement in the attempt to place the money in his hand—that Jakes, my uncle's confidential man, who opened the door, stared with astonishment.

"I'm very ill, Jakes," I stammered, when I had staggered into the hall. "I'm down with that dreadful Ague again."

"Yes, sir," answered Jakes, with something like a grin on his countenance too. "Compts of the season, sir. Hadn't you better go to bed, sir?"

"No, Jakes," I said, "I'll try and bear up. You had better bring me a little cognac, and some very hot water, into the dining-room. It will do me good, and the fit may leave me." What would you believe was the reply of this pampered domestic?

"Better not, sir," he had the hardihood to observe. "Christmas time, sir. Plenty more like you, better go to bed. Think of your head in the morning, sir."

"Fellow—" I began to retort, still violently trembling, when I saw my uncle Bonsor appear at the head of the staircase. There was a group of ladies and gentlemen in the back-ground, and as well as I could see for shaking, there were the dear golden curls of my Tilly. But her face looked so scared and terrified.

"Alfred," said my uncle, sternly, from behind his waistcoat, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Go to bed directly, sir!"

"Uncle!" I cried, with a desperate attempt to keep myself steady, "do you think I'm—" Here I made an effort to ascend the staircase, but my foot caught either in the carpet or over one of the confounded brass rods, and, upon my word, I tumbled heels over heels into the hall. And yet, even as I lay recumbent, I shook worse than ever. I heard my uncle's responsible voice ordering the servants to carry me to bed. And I was carried too; Jakes and a long-legged foot-page conveying my shaking body to my bedroom.

The night was brief and terrible as in an access of fever, and I lay shaking and chattering in the burning bed. In the morning, my uncle sent word to say that my ague was all nonsense, and that I was to come down to breakfast.

I went down, determined on remonstrance, but holding on

by the banisters and quivering in every limb. Oh! for the tribulations of that wretched Christmas-day. I was received with sneers and advised to take very strong tea with a little cognac; yet soon afterwards my uncle shook hands with me, and said that it was only once a year, and that he supposed boys would be boys. Everybody wished me a merry Christmas; but I could only return the compliments of the season in a spasmodic stutter. I took a walk on the pier immediately after breakfast, but I nearly tumbled into the sea, and bumped against so many posts, that I had to be led home by a mariner in a yellow sou'-wester hat, who insisted that I should give him five shillings to drink my health. Then came a more appalling ordeal. I was to call at Snargatestone Villa to accompany my Tilly and the family to church. To my great relief, though I was shaking in every joint of my fingers and toes, nobody took any notice of my alarming complaint. I began to hope that it might be intermittent, and would pass off, but it wouldn't, and rather increased in violence. My darling girl patted me on the head, and hoped that I was "a good boy, now;" but when I began, shiveringly, to explain my attack of ague, she only laughed. We went to church, and then my ague soon brought me into disgrace again. First I created terrible scandal by knocking up against the old pauper women in the free seats, and nearly upsetting the beadle. Then I knocked the church services and hymn-books off the ledge of the pew. Then I kicked a hassock from beneath the very knees of my future mamma-in-law. Then I trod—accidentally I declare—on the toes of Mary Seaton, my Tilly's pretty cousin, whereupon she gave a little scream, and my beloved looked daggers at me; and as a climax, in the agony of that extraordinary horizontal shaking fit of mine, I burst the pew door open, and tumbled once more against the beadle, who in stern tones, and in the name of the churchwardens, desired me either to behave myself or to leave the church. I saw that it was no good contending against my complaint, so I did leave; but as I lurched out of the edifice, I seemed to see the clergyman shaking in the reading-desk, and the clerk wagging to and fro beneath him; while the hatchments and tablets shook on the walls; and the organ in the gallery kept bumping now against the charity boys, now against the charity girls.

At dinner-time—my agonies had never ceased, but had not attracted notice—I began literally to put my foot into it again. First, handing Mrs. Van Plank, of Sandwich, down to the dining-room—my uncle Bonsor escorted Tilly—I entangled myself in the bugle ornaments which that wealthy but obese woman persisted in wearing; and we came down together with alarming results, I was undermost, shaking miserably, with Mrs. Van Plank's large person pressing on my shirt-studs. When we were assisted to rise she would not be appeased. She would not join us at dinner. She ordered her fly and returned to Sandwich, and as the carriage drove away, Captain Standfast, R. N., looked at me as though he would have liked to have me up at the gangway and give me six dozen on the instant, said:

"There goes poor Tilly's diamond bracelet. The old screw won't give it her now. I saw the case on the cushion of the fly."

Was it my fault? Could I help my lamentable ague?

At dinner I went from bad to worse. Item: I spilt two ladlefuls of mock turtle soup over a new damask tablecloth. Item: I upset a glass of Madeira over Mary Seaton's blue moire dress. Item: In a convulsive fit of shaking, I nearly stabbed Lieutenant Lamb, of the Fifty-fourth Regiment, stationed on the Heights, with a silver fork; and, finally, in a maniacal attempt to carve a turkey, I sent the entire body of that Christmas bird, with a garland of sausages clinging to

it, full butt into the responsible waistcoat of my uncle Bonsor.

The peace was made somehow; I'm sure I don't know in what manner, but half an hour afterwards we were all very pleasant and talkative over our dessert. When I say all, I of course except my unhappy self. There had been no solution of continuity in my shaking. Somebody, I think, proposed my health. In returning thanks, I hit the proposer a tremendous blow under the left eye with my elbow. Endeavoring to regain my equilibrium, I sent a full glass of claret into the embroidered cambric bosom of that unhappy Lieutenant Lamb. In desperation I caught hold of the tablecloth with both hands. I saw how it would be; the perfidious polished mahogany slid away from my grasp. I turned my foot frantically round the leg of the table nearest me, and with a great crash over went dinning-table, cut-glass decanters, and dessert. Lieutenant Lamb was badly hit across the bridge of the nose with a pair of silver nut-crackers, and my uncle Bonsor's head was crowned, in quite a classic manner, with filberts and hot-house grapes.

The bleak December sun rose next morning upon ruin and catastrophe. As well as I can collect my scattered reminiscences of that dismal time, my offences against decorum were once more condoned: not in consequence of my complaint (in which my relatives and friends persisted in disbelieving), but on the ground that it was "only once a year." Lawyers came backwards and forwards to Snargatestone Villa during the forenoon. There was a great production of tin boxes red tape, blue seals, foolscap paper, and parchment; and my uncle Bonsor was more responsible than ever. They brought me a paper to sign at last, whispering much among themselves as they did so; and I protest that I could see nothing but a large pool of white, jogging about in a field of green tablecloth, while on the paper an infinity of crabbed characters seemed racing up and down in a crazed and furious manner. I endeavored to nerve myself to the task of signing. I bit my lips, I clenched my left hand, I tried to screw my wagging head on to my neck, I cramped my toes up in my boots, I held my breath; but was it my fault, when I clutched the pen and tried to write my name, that the abominable goosequill began to dance, and skate, and leap, and plunge, and dig its nibs into the paper; that when, in despair, I seized the inkstand, to hold it nearer to the pen, I shook its sable contents, in horrid, horned, tasseled blots, all over a grave legal document? I finished my achievement by inflicting a large splash on my uncle's sacred waistcoat, and hitting Captain Standfast under the third rib with the pen.

"That will do," my papa-in-law cried, collaring me. "Leave the house, scoundrel!"

But I broke from his grasp, and fled to the drawing-room, knowing that my Tilly would be there with her bridesmaids and her bonnets.

"Tilly—my adored Matilda!" I cried.

"No further explanation is needed, sir," broke in my beloved, in an inexorable tone. "I have seen and heard quite enough. Alfred Starling, I would sooner wed the meanest hind that gathers samphire on yon cliff than become the bride of a profligate and drunkard. Go, sir; repent if you can; be ashamed if you can. Henceforth we are strangers. Slave of self-indulgence, adieu for ever!" And she swept out of the room, and I could hear her sobbing her pretty heart out in the boudoir beyond.

I was discarded and expelled for ever from Snargatestone Villa; my uncle Bonsor repudiated me, and disinherited me from any share in his waistcoat; I hurled myself into the next train at the station, and shook all the way back to town. At about dusk on that dreadful Boxing-day, I found myself wandering and jolting about the purlieus of Soho.

From Soho-square—the south-west side. I think—branches a shabby, dingy little court, called Bateman's buildings. I was standing, shivering at the corner of the ill-favored place, when I stumbled against a gentleman, who looked about seven-eighths soldier and one-eighths civilian.

As was a little, dapper, clean-limbed, young-looking old man, with a yellow face, and grey hair and whiskers. Soldiers, save in the cavalry, didn't wear moustaches then. He wore a blue uniform coat, rather white at the seams, and a silver medal with a faded ribbon on his breast. He had a bunch of parti-colored streamers in his undress cap; he carried a bamboo-cane under his arm; on each sleeve he wore golden stripes, much tarnished; on his scarlet collar was embroidered a golden lion; and on his shoulders he had a pair of little, light, golden epaulettes, that very much resembled two sets of, teeth from a dentist's glass-case, covered with bullion.

"And how are you, my hearty?" said the military gentleman, cheerily.

I answered that I was the most miserable wretch in the world; upon which the military gentleman, slapping me on the back and calling me his gallant comrade, asked me to have a pint of beer, warmed with a little spice, and a dash of Old Tom in it, for the sake of Christmas.

"You're a roving buck," observed my new friend. "I'm a roving buck. You never happened to have a twin-brother named Siph, did you?"

"No," I answered, moodily.

"He was as like you as two peas," continued the military gentleman, who had by this time taken my arm, and was leading me all shaking and clattering towards a mouldy little tavern, on whose door-jambs were displayed a couple of colored cartoons, and displaying, the one, the presentment of an officer in sky-blue uniform much belaced with silver, and the other a bombardier with an enormous shake ramming the charge into a cannon: the whole surrounded by a placard setting forth that smart young men were required for the Honorable East India Company's infantry, cavalry and artillery, and earnestly exhorting all smart young men, as aforesaid, to apply forthwith to Sergeant-Major Chutnee, who was always to be heard of at the bar of the "Highland Laddie," or at the office in Bateman's-buildings.

"The last time I saw him," went on the man with the yellow face and the grey whiskers, when he had tilted me into the "Highland Laddie," pinned me, shaking, against the bar-counter, and ordered a pint of sophisticated beer, "he had left our service, and was a field-marshal in the army of the King of Oude. Many's the time I've seen him with his cocked-hat and di'mond epaulets riding on a white elephant, with five-and-twenty black fellows running after him to brush the flies away and draw the soda-water corks. Such brandy he'd have with it, and all through meeting me promiscuous in this very public."

It is useless to prolong the narrative of my conversation with the military gentleman; suffice it to say, that within an hour I had taken the fatal shilling, and enlisted in the service of the Honorable East India Company. I was not a beggar. I possessed property, over which my uncle Bonsor had no control. I had not committed any crime; but I felt lost, ruined, and desperate, and I enlisted. For a wonder, when I was brought before a magistrate to be attested, and before a surgeon to be examined respecting my sanitary fitness for the service, my ague seemed to have entirely left me. I stood firm and upright in the witness-box, and under the measuring standard, and was only deterred by shame and anguish at the misconception put upon my conduct at Dover from negotiating for my discharge.

I had scarcely reached the East India recruiting depôt

at Brentwood, however, before the attacks of ague returned with redoubled severity. At first, on my stating that I had an ear for music, they began to train me for a bandsman, but I could not keep a wind instrument in my hands, and struck those that were played by my comrades from their grasp. Then, I was put into the awkward squad among the recruits, and the sergeants caned me; but I could never get beyond the preliminary drill of the goose-step, and I kept my own time, and not the squad's even then. The depôt sergeants wouldn't place the slightest credence in my ague, and the sergeant-major of my company reported that I was a skulking, "malingering" imposter. Among my comrades who despised, without pitying me, I got the nickname of "Young Shivery-Shakery." And the most wonderful thing is, that, although I could have procured remittances at any time, the thought of purchasing my discharge never entered my poor, shaking, jarring head.

How they came to send such a trembling, infirm creature as a soldier to India, I can't make out; but sent I was, by long sea, in a troop-ship, with seven or eight hundred more recruits. My military career in the East came to a very speedy and inglorious termination. We had scarcely arrived at Bombay when the battalion of the European regiment into which I was draughted was sent up-country to the banks of the Sutlej, where the Sikh war was then raging. It was the campaign of Aliwal and Sohraon, but it was very little that I saw of that glorious epoch in our military annals. In contemptuous reference to my nervous disorder, I was only permitted to form part of the baggage-guard, and one night, after perhaps ten days' march, throughout which I had shaken most awfully, an attack was made on our rear for mere purposes of plunder by a few rascally budmashes or thieves. Nothing was easier than to put these paltry scoundrels of the rout. I had been brave enough as a lad and as a young man. I declare that on the present occasion I didn't run away; but my unhappy disease got the mastery of me. I shook my musket out of my hands, my shako off my head, and my knapsack off my back, and my wretched legs shook and jolted me, as it seemed, over miles of arid country. There was some talk of shooting me afterwards, and some of flogging me; but corporal punishment did not exist in the Company's army. They sent me to a vile place of incarceration called a "congee house," where I was fed principally on rice-water, and at last I was conveyed to Bombay, tried by court-martial, sentenced and publicly drummed out of my regiment as a coward. Yes, I, the son of a gentleman, and the possessor of a genteel private property, had the facings cut off my uniform, and, to the sound of the "Rogues' March," was dismissed from the service of the Honorable East India Company with ignominy and disgrace.

I can scarcely tell how I reached England again; whether a berth was given me, whether I paid for it, or whether I worked my passage home. I can only remember that the ship in which I was a passenger broke her back in Algoa Bay, close to the Cape, and became a total wreck. There was not the slightest danger; we were surrounded by large and small craft, and every soul on board was saved; but I shook so terribly and incessantly while the boats were leaving the vessel, that the whole ship's company hooted and groaned at me when I was shoved over the side, and I was not allowed to go in the long boat, but was towed alone and aft in the dingy to shore.

I took passage in another ship, which did nothing but shake all the way from the Cape to Plymouth, and at last I reached England. I wrote innumerable letters to my friends and relatives, to Tilly and to my uncle Bonsor, but the only answer I received was a few formal lines from my uncle's lawyer, telling me that my illegible scrawls had come to the

hands of the persons for whom they were designed; but that no further notice could be taken of my communications. I was put into the possession of my property to the last penny, but it seems to me that I must have shaken it away either at dice or bagatelle, or ninepins or billiards. And I remember that I never made a stroke at the latter game without hitting my adversary with the cue in the chest, knocking down the marker, sending the balls scudding through the windows, disarranging the scores, and cutting holes in the cloth, for which I had to pay innumerable guineas to the proprietor of the rooms.

I remember one day going into a jeweler's shop in Regent street to purchase a watch-key. I had only a silver one now, my gold repeater had been shaken away in some unaccountable manner. It was winter-time and I wore an overcoat with long sleeves. While the shopkeeper was adjusting a key to my watch, my ague fit came upon me with demoniacal ferocity, and to my horror and dismay, in catching hold of the counter to save myself, I tilted a trayful of diamond rings over. Some fell on the floor; but some, O horror and anguish! fell into the sleeves of my overcoat. I shook so that I seemed to have shaken diamond rings into my hands, my pockets, my very boots. By some uncontrollable impulse I attempted flight, but was seized at the very shop door, and carried, shaking, to the police station.

I was taken before a magistrate, and committed, still shaking, in a van, to gaol. I shook for some time in a white-washed cell, when I was brought up, shaking, to the Central Criminal Court, and placed, shaking, on my trial for an attempted robbery of fifteen hundred pounds' worth of property. The evidence was clear against me. My counsel tried to plead something about "kleptomania," but in vain. My uncle Bonsor, who had come expressly up from Dover, spoke strongly against my character. I was found guilty; yes, I, the most innocent and unfortunate young man breathing, and sentenced to seven years' transportation! I can recall the awful scene vividly to memory now. The jury in a body were shaking their heads at me. So was the judge, so was my uncle Bonsor, so were the spectators in the gallery; and I was holding on by the spikes on the ledge of the dock, shaking from right to left like ten thousand million aspen-leaves. My skull was splitting, my brain was bursting, when—

I WOKE.

I was lying in a very uncomfortable position in a first-class carriage of the Dover mail-train; everything in the carriage was shaking; the oil was surging to and fro in the lamp; my companions were swaying to and fro, and the sticks and umbrellas were rattling in the network above. The train was "at speed," and my frightful dream was simply due to the violent and unusual oscillation of the train. Then, sitting up, and rubbing my eyes, immensely relieved, but holding on to the compartments near to me (so violently did the carriages shake from side to side), I began to remember what I had dreamed or heard of others' dreams before; while at sea, or while somebody was knocking loudly at the door; and of the old connections between unusual sound and motion on the thoughts of our innermost souls. And again with odd distinctness, I remember that at one period of my distempered vision, namely, when I was attested and examined as a recruit, I had remained perfectly still and steady. This temporary freedom from ague I was fain to ascribe to the customary two or three minutes' stoppage of the train at Tunbridge Wells. But, thank Heaven, all this was but a dream!

"Enough to shake one's head off!" exclaimed the testy old lady opposite, alluding to the oscillation of the train, as the

guard appeared at the window with a shout of "Do—ver!"

"Well, mum, it have bin a shaking most unusual all the way down," replied that functionary. "Thought we should have bin off the line, more than once. Screws will be looked to to-morrow morning. Night, sir!" this was to me: I knew the man well. "Merry Christmas and a happy new year! You'll be wanting a fly to Snargatstone Villa, won't you, sir? Now, por—ter!"

I did want that fly, and I had it. I paid the driver liberally, and did not scatter his money over the pavement. Mr. Jakes insisted upon my having something hot in the dining-room the moment I arrived. The weather was so "woundy cold," he said. I joined the merry party upstairs, and was received by my Tilly with open arms, and by my uncle Bonsor with an open waistcoat. I partook in cheerful moderation of the snapdragon festivities of Christmas-eve. We all dined together on Christmas-day, and I helped the soup and carved a turkey, beautifully; and on the morrow, Boxing-day, was complimented by my uncle's lawyer on my remarkably neat caligraphy, as displayed in the signatures to the necessary legal documents. On the twenty-seventh of December, eighteen forty-six, I was married to my darling Tilly, and have lived happy ever since.

[*Haunted House.*]

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

The Scotch and the Spaniards have hitherto divided the credit of possessing the largest store of proverbial wisdom; but were the literature of Russia more widely known, she might prove a formidable rival either to the land of oatmeal or to that of oranges. We give a few specimens, which, on account of their pointed terseness, their quaint, homely vigor, and dry Sancho Panza satire, scarcely need the aid of rhyme to recommend them. They are, indeed, more fully than words can express, the faithful mirror of the shrewd, simple, dogged, humorous Russian mind, ever veiling its natural keenness under a mask of habitual and impenetrable stolidity: "Every fox praises his own tail." "Go after two wolves and you will not catch even one." "A good beginning is half the work." "Trust in God, but do not stumble yourself." "With God, even across the sea; without Him, not even to the threshold." "Without cheating, no trading." "Money is not God, but it shows great mercy." "The deeper you hide a thing the sooner you find it." "If God don't forsake us, the pigs will not take us." "A debt is adorned by payment." "Roguary is the last of trades." "Never take the crooked path while you can see a straight one." "Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor." "Ask a pig to dinner, and he will put his feet on the table." "Disease comes in by hundred-weights, and goes out by ounces." "Every little frog is great in his own bog." "Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues." "When fish are rare, even a crab is a fish." "A father's blessing cannot be drowned in water, nor consumed by fire." "He who honors his parents shall endure for ever." "A mother's prayer will draw one up from the depth of the sea."

MAN himself is the author of most of his infirmities, and of them the greater number originate purely in mental or moral causes. It would be absurd to suppose that many diseases, and deaths too, should not arise from causes beyond the control of man; but his own pursuits and habits in life lay the foundation of by far the greatest portion

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR.
 DRAMATIC DO.
 MUSICAL DO.
 GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT,

E. L. T. HARRISON.
 E. W. TULLIDGE.
 PROF. J. TULLIDGE.
 DANIEL CAMOMILLE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1869.

WE ARE NOTHING, IF NOT SPIRITUAL.

When Joseph Smith inaugurated our Church, nearly forty years ago, it burst upon the world as a Revelation of spiritual power. The main peculiarity of our system was, that we asserted the necessity of close and constant intercommunication between this and the Heavenly worlds.

While we freely admitted that light and intelligence were continually being imparted by God to mankind through inspiration of an intellectual or mental kind, we strongly protested against the sufficiency of this kind of Revelation.

Our Elders went forth declaring the opening of a dispensation of angelic visitation; an age of Revelation and Prophecy; a new, grand period of Heavenly manifestations. The sick were to be healed henceforth mainly by the laying on of hands. Visions and divinely-given dreams were to be the constant companions of the members of the church; the curtains of Heaven were to be lifted up, and a church established which—to use the language of the Doctrines and Covenants—by the multiplicity of heavenly manifestations poured upon mankind in the flesh, was to prepare them for the fullness of Jehovah's presence in the world of glory, and without the enjoyment of which they could not be so perfected.

As a means to this end a *spiritual* power was to be built up to be called ZION, whose people should have a constant witness of the presence and association of Heavenly visitors.

SPIRITUAL power was our battle cry! We were "nothing if not spiritual." We were founding a kingdom whose glory was not the wealth of its people, the extent of their farms, or the elegance of their homes; but the fire of the Omnipotent spirit and the presence and influence of the great ones of the invisible world, while sweet and holy sentiments, changing hearts and purifying the lives of men were to distill through inspired lips upon the church.

This was the programme to which we have given the most vital portions of our existence, and for which we have all borne the scorn of the world. Some of us traveling for years as poor dependents, over the face of the world, and all of us struggling through hardships innumerable to these desolate valleys, to pursue any and every occupation that might present itself—congenial or otherwise—solely that we might see a gigantic spiritual power rear itself in strength above the nations. For this we suffered, and for this we struggled through poverty and hardships to this land, and for nothing else.

"Abroad among the nations," we had plentiful corroboration that this theory was no idle dream, but based on facts. Wholesale spiritual manifestations did there attend us. Our sick were then healed by the hundred. During the great cholera-year in England, among about thirty thousand Latter-day Saints, scarcely one succumbed to the disease. We were rich in spiritual manifestations. We felt angelic presence even if unseen. We lived in an atmosphere that made us feel every day very near to God and the heavenly world.

All this bore witness to us that there would be established upon the earth a great central reservoir from whence spiritual influences should spread with electric force and kindle the world afar in due time.

Cut this grand design out of the mission of this people, and there is nothing left. To open up the fountains of the Heavenly world—to stand hand in hand—the mortal church with the invisible behind the veil. This was the destiny for which we started as a people, and unless we realize it, we have done nothing worth talking about. We did not congregate together to build up a big nation whose numbers and might should overawe the world. We needed a distinct existence as a people, of course, and therefore required cities to live in and national influence; but these were but secondary objects—merely means to an end. Our temporal influence was simply to be a kind of bulwarks within which our spiritual powers should be developed. External surroundings, without the divine part of our religion, for which the whole was brought into existence, would, we understood, be nothing but mockery and a sham.

In the providences of God, for a number of years we have been marching almost entirely in the direction of temporalities, until they are the all-absorbing theme. It is temporalities upon the street, in the garden, in the meeting and in the council—temporalities from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, and from one year's end to another. We have but one kind of subject—houses, fences, dry-goods and money, worlds without end. This is how it is at present, and there doubtless is a providential lesson in it, but we cannot remain so forever.

We say this much in calling attention to the true object of our existence as a people, because there is to-day an inspiration resting upon us as a community that we are very near to a day of spiritual power—one that will not only take us back to our old position, but eclipse the past by its brightness. Thousands of hearts in Utah feel that light is coming that will repay us for all, and justify all our grand expectations. It stands to common sense that temporalities without far more spiritual power than we have at present will not build up a heavenly Zion. No temporal order or system, by itself, can bring this about. The presence of Revelation widely diffused amongst us will alone constitute Zion, and that must depend upon the channels of Revelation in our souls being opened up. Everybody in the church may be wealthy, and the church as a whole, by its grand coöperation, have but one pocket, and thereby be able to out-purchase the world and bring it to our feet, and all this may add to our temporal comfort; but no union of wealth—or disunion either—can create a Zion of spiritual power. Spiritual power should in fact be *first*, and our union grow out of that and not our spiritual power grow out of our temporal union. The purity of our natures, the spirit of Christ in its self-abnegation and love in our bosoms, can alone bring angels to our homes. They will not come there because we all have our money in one bank, depend upon it. If they find our hearts right, they will come, because they will find their attractions there, and they will come no more, nor as much, if, as a Grand Commercial church, we hold the riches of the world in our hands and can buy or sell it at our pleasure, providing these characteristics are absent.

Supposing, then, as we do, that temporalities are useful and necessary in their way, they are not our ultimate destiny, it was not for this that angels left the Heavens and opened up a dispensation to man. Our destiny is to be a great spiritual nation, and all these temporalities are mere accessories. We were organized to bring the hosts of the Heavenly world nigh to man, the signs of whose presence in dreams, visions and inspirations, were to be daily and hourly felt—

not by one man or a dozen, but by all. Unless we accomplish this sooner or later, our system is humbug and a delusion. Where is this close intercommunication with heavenly things, to-day? Where the evidences of the nearness of the invisible worlds to our hearts? It is years upon years since many of us have heard even a gift of tongues, or felt the inspiration of a prophecy; and as to angels, we know many who talk of them as one of the weaknesses of the past. Supposing a Divine Hand has taken us off this pathway of spiritualities for its own great ends, must we not return before we can accomplish our destiny as a people? Let any man put this question to his soul, and the answer must be that we must return, and that speedily, and become a greater church of spiritualities than ever, or stand confessed before the world a grand and monstrous failure.

OVER-GOVERNING.

BY W. H. SHEARMAN.

The tendency of all despotisms is to overgovern. It is not only an evil, but an error which, eventually, defeats the object sought to be gained. Restraint is always irksome, and though it may, from necessity, be submitted to for a time, yet the spirit chafes under it and seeks to escape from, or throw off, the oppressive and unnatural authority. With men and women, as with children, the fewer the requirements and the less the governing power is felt the better. The laws that govern the movements of the material universe are few and simple, yet they produce grand results and maintain order and harmony in the spheres. But were God to undertake to control and hamper the operations of nature, as many men have attempted to hamper and dictate nature in men's minds in different ages on the earth, He would, as they have done, pile huge and overwhelming responsibilities upon Himself and involve the universe in inextricable confusion and conflict.

Nature, whether in the elements or in humanity, needs not so much hampering and controlling as freedom and guidance. The object of laws should be to preserve, as far as possible, free scope to the faculties of man and the operations of nature, and to prevent any unnecessary or unrighteous interference in the exercise of either. Laws to compel mankind to breathe, eat, drink, and sleep would be quite as sensible and consistent as many that are enacted for the government of society. Some men seem so dreadfully afraid that nature will go wrong that it would be no matter of surprise should they seek, by legal enactments, to compel the sun to shine, water to run down hill, and fire to burn. Such folly would only be consistent with their character. How long will it take us to learn that nature needs encouraging and developing instead of guiding or crushing. The latter course has cursed the world for ages, retarded its progress, extinguished many of its brightest lights, and cut out much of its life and joy. It practically says that God has left His work unfinished and that human wisdom must step in to supply the Divine deficiencies. The true object of all human legislation, as before remarked, is to secure to every individual the greatest personal liberty, and the freest exercise of every faculty and power of his organization, consistent with the exercise of the same rights in others and the general welfare of society. The simpler the laws by which these objects can be secured the better for all parties.

The divine wisdom and goodness was manifested by Jesus and his apostles in the early Christian Church by making the conditions of membership as few and as simple as possible, but afterwards men, assuming to themselves prerogatives

which Deity never asserted, continued, in various ages, to multiply these conditions, until to-day, thousands of men and women in different parts of the earth groan under the galling yokes and the heavy mental burdens that have taken the place of the easy yoke and light burden impressed by the Great Teacher himself.

In the abstract, men admit love to be more powerful than fear, and that a throne based upon the love of a people is more secure than one sustained by a million bayonets. But as the love of power grows upon them, they become impatient of this slow but sure means of accomplishing their objects and adopt the shorter but less enduring process of mental or physical compulsion. The edifice thus speedily erected, however, sooner or later, crumbles to dust, and all their cherished dreams end in vexation and disappointment.

Thank God, the day of force and coercion, with its inquisitions, pious murders, and despotisms is rapidly passing away. A people have been gathered into these mountains who, under divine guidance and inspiration, are solving the greatest problems of the age; who are demonstrating the triumph of moral power over brute force; who understand that obedience should spring from love and a knowledge of correct principles alone, and who are laying the foundation of a system that will yet fill the world with the light, liberty, and glory of that heavenly Zion which has been the theme of inspired men in all ages.

THE MIND'S KINGDOM.

A bard once sung a strain like this:
"My mind to me a kingdom is,"
Another now may sing as free,
A kingdom, too, exists in me.

I'm king and subjects, laws and all,
My boundless realms obey my call,
I bow no head to mortal things,
The one I heed is King of Kings.

A tyrant here may bind my tongue
And bid me bear it when I'm stung;
But in mind's kingdom all is free,
No tyrant there can conquer me.

The rich man now, that once was poor,
Can turn the lowly from his door;
But, in my mind, both equal seem,
And wealth is counted but a dream.

I dare not speak my mind to all,
For some are seeking for my fall;
But, in my kingdom, Oh! how free
All acts are boldly judged by me.

The proud ones pass, they know not me,
The greedy grasp all they can see;
But, in mind's kingdom, I can find
How much they lack in worth of mind.

Some love authority to sway,
And drive meek Charity away;
But, in my kingdom, such a rule
Would brand each despot as a fool.

Some strive, like Satan, all they can
To spoil the agency of man;
But, in my kingdom, I am free
To act the man I'm made to be.

I wish the glorious day at hand
When God's great kingdom has command;
Its subjects in the gospel free,
And all as one in mind with me.

DELTA.

Provo, Sept. 29, 1868.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

We have received several letters from choir-masters in the settlements, containing inquiries as to whether we would accept and publish compositions that were not grammatically written.

We will answer that our musical, as well as our literary department, is open to receive home talent of merit, even if the compositions are not grammatically correct.

We grant this liberty to our contributors as an incentive to their genius for composition, and for this reason we are willing to labor to render the inspirations sent us—should they contain merit—fit for publication. We must, however, observe that our only object for doing this is to lead them to the study of composition, by the attention, which we trust that they will give to the alterations that we might be compelled to make either in their melody or harmony.

Some persons have an idea that if they are endowed with natural genius for composition, that they have all that is necessary for rendering their subjects perfect and fit for publication. This is a mistake, and to strengthen our opinion we will give a quotation from the popular and well-conducted magazine called *Bow Bells*, published in London.

The musical editor, in answer to a correspondent—on the above subject—says that “correct music is not to be written by the light of nature; on the contrary, it is a waste of time to attempt composition without knowledge of the elements of musical grammar.”

This is true, indeed. Genius can produce good subjects, but science only can develop and place them in correct order. Practice is also necessary, and the adroit practical musical composers can assist both genius and science.

We, however, to encourage our home composers, for a time, will assist them in rendering their compositions fit for publication; but, as we have observed, they must compare our alterations with the original for their instruction. But we will add, begin and study, and make yourselves acquainted with the elements of composition. The most simple elementary work on composition, that we have read, is Hamilton's *Musical Grammar*, which is published by Cox & Co., Musical Publishers, London, England. The price of this work is three shillings.

At present, send us your compositions, and if we find merit in them, although grammatically incorrect, we will fix them and print them in our MAGAZINE.

J. S. FARMINGTON.—We have said more than once or twice, in our articles, that consecutive *perfect* fifths and octaves in similar motion are incorrect and the progression is bad.

The reason why they are incorrect is because they are non-euphonious, and in sound produces the same effect as tautology in a literary sentence.

PROGRESS OF ELECTRICITY.

The wire cord ran out with ease and precision; the comparatively shallow water along the shore offered no difficulty; and even when the cable dropped suddenly down the precipice, as steep and lofty as Mont Blanc, the electricity still flowed; the problem was solved. But soon after the cable broke, through the unskillfulness of an assistant, and the hopeful electricians, undisheartened, resolved to renew the attempt the next year.

The next year came, memorable for triumph and disappointment, and again, in June, 1858, the *Agamemnon* and the *Niagara*, groaning under the weight of their precious

cargo, and manned by the chiefs of ocean telegraphy, set sail from Valentia Bay. It was designed that they should meet in mid-ocean, unite the ends of the cable, and, separating, sail slowly to the opposite shores. But scarcely had the fleet set out when disaster and ruin seemed to hover over it. A violent storm separated the vessels. The huge and overloaded *Agamemnon*, straining and cracking in the gale, heeled over, and threatened every moment to sink in the trough of the sea. Her great beams snapped in two; her cargo of coal rolled over her decks; and at length, on the 10th of June, three or four gigantic waves swept over her and threw her nearly on her beam ends. Her brave captain and her gallant crew now believed that death was near, and thought to sink with their cable on the Telegraphic Plain. A wave still more tremendous rolled toward them; the men fell on the deck in heaps, saved only by clinging to the ropes; the captain strove to wear his ship, and, at the risk of immediate death, contrived to place the *Agamemnon* before the storm. She escaped, and finally rode safely to the rendezvous in the midst of the Atlantic.

The ocean was now as still as an inland lake. The two great ships and their attendants met on the 25th of June, and commenced unrolling their iron web. It parted again. They returned to Ireland for new supplies of cable; and on the 29th of July the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon* met once more to renew their labors in the midst of the Atlantic. Nor can one read without sympathy and admiration the story of the heroic perseverance of Field, Bright, Canning, and their faithful associates, who, while Europe and America were deriding them on the safe shore for their Quixotic folly, persisted in heaping benefits upon mankind. No failures discouraged them; they were ever certain of success. At last, on the 29th of July, a day of rare loveliness, the great ships sailed away from each other, the *Niagara* for America, the *Agamemnon* for Valentia Bay. But they were never separated. The busy cable still bound them together. Storms came; the ships rolled upon immense waves; a thousand dangers seemed to surround the solitary wire; yet it never parted. The deep sea was passed; it slowly climbed the immense heights on either shore; no flaw appeared in the two thousand miles of scientific workmanship; the ships drew near to land; and at length, on the 5th of August, 1858, a thrill of wonder shot through the two continents, when it was told that they were bound together by electric thought.

America and Europe rejoiced; it was a moment of universal hope and exultation, and the first important message that came over the cable gave glory to the Most High, and promised peace and good-will to men. The Queen, ever in advance of her people, saluted the New World with a humane congratulation; the President returned her kindly sentiment. From Canada to the Gulf, America resounded with salutes of cannon and the pealing of bells. Cities were illuminated, and public and private thanksgiving flowed from every heart. The press, ever in the front of progress, celebrated the victory of science; and the name of Field, with that of Franklin and Felton, was placed high among the benefactors of his race. It is not our purpose to relate the circumstances of the gradual destruction of these generous hopes, and the slow death of the electric cable. The event came upon the public like the loss of a powerful friend. The utterances of the wires grew indistinct day by day; some flaw had occurred in the chain of intelligence, and by the 4th of September the communication ceased. Gloom and doubt settled upon the great enterprise, and, with the usual reaction that often attends a sudden disappointment, men even believed that the story of the momentary union of the two worlds was all delusion or fraud.

Eight years followed, during which the silent cable slept almost forgotten on the Telegraphic Plateau. They were years full of political convulsions and fatal disorder. The reign of peace on earth and good-will to men, which had been so fondly promised by the message over the Atlantic, seemed to have faded forever; for the Union was threatened with destruction, and the hopes of the people of every land in the final triumph of universal liberty were bound up in the fate of our civil war. A bitter alienation grew up between the government of England and the people of the Union; a profound gulf opened between Europe and America deeper and more impassable than the Atlantic itself. In the turmoil of the great rebellion the telegraph and its projectors sank into neglect; and when at length the war ended few believed that the proposed plan would ever be successful, or that the project would even be renewed. Intelligent electricians openly denied that any message had ever crossed the ocean. It was urged that the electric current could not be made to pass through so long a route; that its source must be dissipated long before it reached its distant aim. New plans, therefore, were suggested and advocated with vigor, and new companies were formed to carry telegraphic cables to the Azores, and from the islands to the continent of Europe. The public had lost its interest in the Atlantic Telegraph, and looked with coolness and neglect upon the project.

Amidst such discouragements, Mr. Field and his courageous associates, in 1865, had once more revived their telegraphic company, provided a new cable, and gallantly prepared to brave the dangers of the sea. Everything that science could do to insure success had been contributed by the highest intellects of the age. The new cable was more perfect than any former one. Instruments of unrivalled excellence had been provided, and a single vessel, the *Great Eastern* had been happily created by the genius of Brunel, capable of carrying a whole Atlantic cable within its bosom. While men doubted and derided, Science seemed to watch tenderly the great enterprise, and descended from the skies, a new Minerva, to cover it with her shield. In July, 1865, the great steamer set sail from the coast of Ireland, dropping her cable into a tranquil sea. She was manned in part by the same ardent navigators who, seven years before, had heard the glad voice of congratulation from Europe and America as they joined the rival shores. Field, Canning, and their associates, were once more united in a voyage more adventurous than that of Jason, more doubtful in its end than that of Columbus. But they were, as ever full of hope. The voyage passed prosperously; the sea was not unfriendly; and night and day, as the vessel glided slowly on, the voyagers were cheered by the musical flow of the cable as it dropped peacefully into the waves. So long as they could hear that sound they were satisfied that all was well. Every eye in the great ship was watching the turning of a single wheel; every ear seemed to listen only for a single sound. And we can well conceive with what rapt attention sailors and men of science, captain and chief, hung upon the strange note of the flowing cable that seemed to assure them of success. They had now reached the deepest part of the ocean without any important danger. Their labor was nearly ended. But on the 2d of August a flaw occurred, and the cable was drawn up for repairs. Mr. Field was watching on the tank. The sound of the wheel suddenly stopped; the cable broke, and was lost in the deepest part of the ocean. "It was enough to move one to tears," says Mr. Russell; and when a man came aft with the broken wires, and the ship's company gazed upon the torn strand and lacerated core, they mourned as if they saw the mortal agony of a friend. The still, shining Atlantic had swallowed up the expiring cable, and the *Great Eastern* returned unsuccessful to her port.

She sailed again in July, 1866, her tanks filled with a new cable, and the ardent Field once more on her deck. It was the last and successful voyage. All went well. The cable sank patiently and almost noiselessly down upon the ocean plain; and on the 26th of July the *Great Eastern* sailed triumphantly into Trinity Bay. The connection was made at Heart's Content, a little Newfoundland fishing village, and its pleasant sounding name represented well the inmost emotion of the projectors of the Atlantic Telegraph. Not long after the lost cable of 1865 was raised and completed. The success of the great enterprise was doubly assured, and Europe and America were bound together by a chain of thought that must lead every where to the progress of freedom and the elevation of the people.

In fact, the moral and mental influence of the telegraph will far excel even its commercial value. Like printing, it opens a new epoch in the progress of thought. Its effect is instantaneous. The generous and progressive impulses of the New World are conveyed in a moment to the Old. The noble struggle of the Latin races in Italy, France, or Spain, to throw off the barbarous traditions of the feudal ages, and to become freemen, is sustained by the sympathy and applause that flows under the ocean from America. An eloquent Castellar speaks to New York as well as to Madrid. The republican orators of Paris know that they have an innumerable audience beyond the seas. Industry, temperance, probity, once more rise to command in nations, where for ages they have been derided; and men of intellect govern where they have been slaves. It is quite probable that as the whole civilized world is bound more closely together by new avenues of thought, and men are linked in unity as if by a single mind, we may reach that basis of common sense which Aristotle and Cicero discovered, and which Christianity approves, and that the era of peace on earth will be nearer than it has ever been before.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the triumphs of electricity. It is the most poetical of the sciences as well as the most practical. Its future is full of promise, and no one can safely affirm that it may not yet achieve discoveries more wonderful than any in the past, and produce a still more beneficial effect upon the progress of man. Yet its earliest cultivators can never be forgotten, and the gratitude of their race must always attend those laborious intellects whose endless toil snatched the thunderbolt from the skies and made it the useful servant of modern civilization.

From Harper's Monthly.

I COMBAT the errors of ages; I meet the violence of mobs; I cope with illegal proceedings from Executive authority; I cut the gordian knot of power; and I solve mathematical problems of universities, with truth, diamond truth, and God is "my right hand man."—Joseph Smith.

GIVE TRUTH a fair and open field. Let her grapple with error. Who ever knew Truth worsted?—Milton.

CURIOUS FACT.—In the Fish, the average proportion of the brain to the spinal cord is only 2 to 1. In the Reptile, the ratio is 2½ to 1. In the Bird, it is 3 to 1. In the Mammalia, it is 4 to 1. But in Man, it is 23 to 1. No less remarkable is the foetal progress of the human brain. It first becomes a brain resembling that of a fish; then it grows into the form of that of a reptile; then into that of a bird: then into that of a mammiferous quadruped, and finally it assumes the form of a human brain, "thus comprising in its foetal progress an epitome of geological history, as if man was in himself a compendium of all animated nature, and of kin to every creature that lives.

OUR SOCIAL REDEMPTION.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

No. 1.

The social redemption of mankind is that which commands the special mission of nearly all modern reformers. A mere mission of doctrinal theology and fierce religious controversy possesses no charm for the broad-minded men of the present age, who are inspired more by the motives of practical good for society than the conscienceless spirit of religious fanaticism. Without caring largely to enter into the interminable controversies of Christian sects, to trace which *particular one* of the ten thousand is on the right road to Heaven, and which nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine are on the road to hell, thoughtful men come at once to certain very practical conclusions.

In the first place, they very generally realize that, if there are only a few thousand of the one particular sect on the right road to Heaven, out of the twelve hundred millions of human beings constituting the balance, it is scarcely worth while to attempt to find out who they are. The affair in such a case would be too insignificant for our modern conceptions of the grand intentions of a God, touching human redemption. And, coming down from Deity to man's own benevolent policies, we readily perceive how practically pernicious it is for any particular one of the sects to determine for *itself* that it alone is on the right road to Heaven, and that all the others are on the broad road to destruction. Moreover, giving this all important subject of man's salvation a scientific exactness, it is practically perceived that every large sect is divided into a hundred fractions of the particular faith, according to the intellectual and spiritual development of its disciples. Therefore, whether Catholic or Protestant, Calvinist, Methodist, or any other creed, there are scarcely two out of an average hundred disciples of any faith, who are in the same exact saved condition, and who can see the same truths in the same light. Of course when a common social interest, or the associations of community or brotherhood, throw a common salvation around us, the whole of the faithful members of any given church may be said to be on the same *road* to Heaven. But human experience shows that a corresponding class of minds hold very similar views, and are very similarly affected by truth, or perchance spiritual impressions, irrespective of these distinctions of communities. Hence there has been observed a remarkable resemblance between the religious and moral teachings of such men as Confucius, Zoroaster, Jesus and Plato, and also between the Grecian and modern philosophy. This is so striking, that crude infidels have charged Jesus with stealing his wisdom from Confucius and other sages, claiming it as the special outshootings of his own superabundant divinity, while the old Christian orthodox, has its side of the case, equally crude.

The foregoing is about a summary of our modern appreciations. And in connection with these there is another great fact of human experience which fills truly Christian minds of the present age with sentiments of charity towards all mankind. That fact is that the religious strifes and fierce hatreds of the ages past, have grown up, not between evil and malicious men, but between those most devoted to God in their *intentions*, and who have manifested the most earnestness in their lives, under the direction of potent, *contending Priesthoods*. Good men have cursed each other in their religious zeal and assumptions—brothers of a Christian faith have sent each other to the block or to the stake, believing in all solemnity of conscience they were doing God's service. Hence men have at length been brought to a broad

sentiment of charity, and our modern Christian philosophy may be tersely defined thus: "In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him" without reference to sectarian names or religious creeds.

Out of these advanced appreciations of modern times, there has grown up a new school of divinity, and a new order of Apostles. They are the Apostles of the *social redemption* of the human race. At the head of these may be ranked the great social Apostle, the late Robert Owen. They commenced in infidelity, or more correctly speaking, heterodoxy, because priests and crude religions had left the most important work of humanity, up to the present time, undone, namely, *man's social relations*. These men, however, were more deeply earnest in their lives, and full of a truly Christian faith. Indeed their work was the fundamental work of Jesus himself, who sought to elevate mankind, first on earth that they may be afterwards lifted to a greater exaltation in the heavens. So much has this been the case with these modern social Apostles, that Robert Owen made Jesus Christ his example, and in his great human work went hand in hand with the Divine Master. He and his class were at first infidel in *appearance*, because faith was so grossly in darkness upon earth, but not in darkness in Heaven. At length they changed their phase, or the world changed *its* phase, and they appear now in the light of men of *faith*. Robert Owen himself, though nearly all his days a sceptic to such truths as the immortality of the soul, died a modern prophet of the life hereafter, having in solemn manifestoes declared to the enlightened minds of all nations, that in this opening age, Zion or the New Jerusalem should be established over all the earth, resulting in the social and spiritual redemption of all mankind. This, he said, should be brought about by the *direct* administrations of the Heavens.

Without being identified with Robert Owen's early infidelity or later spiritualistic views, yet somewhat in conformity with both, there is now leavening the nations a social divinity and everywhere at work these social apostles. They rank among the Catholics, Protestants, Calvinists, Free-grace-men, Infidels, Spiritualists, Jew, Gentile—men of all nations, tongues, color and creed. Abraham Lincoln, when he emancipated the slaves of America, placed himself among them; Alexander of Russia did the same when he broke the state of serfdom; Joseph Smith when he and his Apostles proposed emigration to the serfs of Europe; but Congress is not true to the modern mission of social redemption, when it denies Utah her political rights. The latter fact, however, is one of the specialties of our subject concerning Utah, and her social redemption in many respects, to be considered hereafter. Return we again to the general subject.

The stinging reproach cannot be made that it is a herd of political schemers, or a class of Utopian dreamers, who now maintain the modern gospel of social redemption. There was a time when its advocates could be stigmatized as Charlists and Socialists, who were aiming to dethrone the men in power, that they might themselves be seated in their place. But the later Apostles of social redemption have numbered among them such men as Earl Russell, Brougham, Shaftesbury, Carlyle and others of the most eminent statesmen and the best intellect of Europe. Some years ago they organized themselves into a grand "Social Science Congress," the first presidents of which were Lords Russell and Brougham, for the purpose of accomplishing the social elevation of the people, and the general education of the country. But America is the place wherein the problem can best be solved, for here the Almighty has realized, for His own purposes and humanity's good, all the requirements for that solution. The dominant races who have gathered, had a virgin world to subdue.

Again we may imagine the Divine command to have been promulgated, "Be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth." Here is then a vast field for human enterprise—here States of a matchless republic to be founded east and west. It is a work for a glorious national brotherhood, in the labors of which mankind may forget the religious differences of their forefathers, and even their parents' nationalities, in erecting not only a grand Republican Commonwealth, but also in spreading over the entire continent a platform for every human enterprise and every social good. On that platform already stand all races and every creed in generous fellowship. One of its latest planks was the Emancipation of the Slaves, for God in the practical manifestations of his Providence declares that this age shall not be retained in the dominion over serfdom of any kind, but the whole earth shall be redeemed from all its slaveries.

There shall be no more partitions erected between the branches of the human race; and if men, in their ambitious or sectional hatreds, lift them up, God will beat them down again. Have we not seen this in His providence of the last few years? He has baptized this continent in blood to redeem it from the distinction of races, for humanity had come up towards Him and his own thoughts. The world has advanced to a state where it could receive human fraternity at least in their political and social relations. Indeed, He has immersed the age in His own policies by this baptism of blood, the same as in Cromwell's time He shocked the world into the conceptions of modern republics by cutting off the heads of kings. Thank God, this has all gone by; the last martyr to human liberties and the emancipation of races we hope has already been offered up—the faithful, the honest Lincoln. There is neither black nor white, bond nor free, Jew nor Gentile, North nor South recognized in God's providence for the coming age. This consummation belongs to the broad Gospel of Social Redemption, which shall be preached not only in America, but in all the world, in the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost, for most surely does the Holy Ghost bear witness to this Gospel in every event of the times. Take, for example, the last three great events of this continent, namely: the Emancipation of the Blacks, uniting races; the Atlantic Telegraph, marrying the Old and the New Worlds; and, lastly, the Pacific Railroad, which not only binds the two halves of this continent into an inseparable Union, but which will send our modern civilization round into Asia, to regenerate mankind in the very Cradle of Empires. There shall be no more social slaveries in *institutional forms*, no more partitions erected, either of Churches or States, in this "New World," to separate mankind and perpetuate religious and national hates; this is the "Thus saith the Lord" to the age, not through one man, but through the best intellects of all humanity and great transpiring events. We may a little longer retain these pernicious distinctions and these wicked hates, but God, in the social redemption of this continent, will overrule us all.

DEATH FROM A SCIENTIFIC POINT OF VIEW.

It is a law of Nature that whatever has a beginning must also have an end, the idea of death itself being associated with birth.

But this term of life, the moment that reduces to inert matter the body which life had animated, may arrive sooner or later, accidentally or naturally.

Accidental death happens when one of the essential organs of life, from some cause or other, ceases to act; these principal organs being the brain, lungs, and heart.

The action of the brain, however, may be almost wholly suppressed, and yet life continue; breathing may for some time be suspended, and yet life linger within; but when the beatings of the heart cease, then life is extinct.

Accidental death, therefore, is all the more rapid from its cause acting more immediately on the circulating center; it may happen at all ages, although it is much more frequent in the earlier than the latter stages of existence.

Natural death is much rarer; accidents or disease almost always consuming life before the period primitively fixed upon by Nature.

It may also happen at a more or less advanced age, according to the peculiarities of constitution, sex, race, climate, etc. When the work of destruction follows its usual course, life departs in an opposite sense from the one in which it had been developed; in the embryo life seems to march from the heart to the remoter organs, but in the old man it gradually forsakes his body from the circumference to the centre. Then the members, becoming motionless, and obeying the law of heaviness, lose their sensibility and heat; the muscles no longer obey the will, even if the will exist; the skin becomes cold and dry, or is covered with a vicious sweat; the face assumes a characteristic aspect, and appears emaciated; the eyes withdraw deep into their orbits, the cornea is unsettled, the eyelids are half closed by the lowering of the upper one, the cheek-bones become prominent, the nose droops, and the discolored lips are parted and puckered. The voice, like thought, becomes incoherent; the eyes lose their powers of vision and the olfactory nerves are insensible to odors; but hearing is among the last of the faculties that leave him. The abdominal and pectoral viscera cease to fulfill their functions, drinks fall into the œsophagus as into an inert tube; breathing becomes short, slow, and irregular, now suspended, now renewed, terminating finally in the last gasp. The pulse beats rapidly, but fainter and fainter, offering numerous remittances until it ceases to be appreciable. The heart still continues beating feebly and irregularly, and its last contraction marks the moment that separates life from death.

No vestige of life now remains except in certain tissues, which, even for some time after death, retain organic properties; the capillaries are contracted, so as to drive into the veins all the blood they contain; the irritability of the muscles is demonstrated when placed under the influence of the voltaic pile; the uterus can expel the infant within, even when the heart has ceased to beat, etc. These last phenomena of life soon disappear, then the blood decomposes, its liquid parts infiltrating the tissues, and its solid elements being deposited either on the heart or on the sides of the vessels. Then follows decomposition, which slowly and mysteriously reduces the whole to water, carbonic acid and ammonia being the productions into which are resolved all animal matters in a state of putrefaction. These matters of complex composition return to the inorganic combinations which enabled the plants to elaborate them; thus the study of putrefaction, at first so revolting, acquires a special philosophical interest, while revealing to us a chain-work of phenomena admirable on account of its beautiful simplicity.

A FAILURE.—A recent book of historical reminiscences of the House of Commons narrates the laughable failure of one member who rose fully primed for a first attempt. He said: "Mr. Speaker, I am astonished—sir, I am astonished—sir, I am astonished;" and then his astonishment overcame him, and he sat down never to rise in parliament again.

THE LOTTERY DREAMER.

CHAPTER I.

THE MERINDA.

The "Cascine," as all know well who have done their Italy, are the delight of the "upper ten" (*hundred*) at Florence. The word, which is the plural form of *Cascina*, literally a cheese meadow, may be rendered by our phrase, a dairy farm. And the lovely spot in question was, in fact, the Grand Duke's dairy farm. There the richest milk and the best butter were to be had by all, who were willing to pay a higher price than the ordinary market rate for those luxuries, and who were also content to go some mile or so beyond the city gate in search of them. The past tense, indeed, need only be used as regards the ownership. For I have not heard that our Tuscan revolution in any wise disturbed the cows at their pasture, or turned the milk sour in the well-appointed dairy. So our "upper ten" take their evening drives as usual; those who think with Rousseau, that no dainties are so delicious as dairy dainties, still find cream and butter forthcoming in return for the accustomed pauls, and the *Cascine* are still as beautiful as ever, though no longer grand-ducal.

Few cities possess so delightful a public pleasure-ground as our Florentine dairy-farm. For driving, riding, walking, sitting, or lounging away a summer hour in the deep shadow of a forest glade, the *Cascine* are unrivaled.

Occupying a strip of ground immediately outside the city gates, about three miles or so in length, bounded on the south by the Arno, and on the north by the little stream of the Mugnone, which falls into the former river at the further end of it, the enclosed space comprises every variety of combination of meadow and woodland. A well-kept walk along the bank of the Arno, well fenced in from the winds sweeping down from the Apennines to the north by a magnificent high hedge of *laurostinus*, bay, and *arbutus*, and commanding the most picturesque peeps of the domes and towers of the city, framed in openings among the forest trees, offers as luxurious a winter's walk as can well be imagined. Soft sandy alleys cut in the forest, and appropriated especially to equestrians, present a ground for a gallop that "Nimrod" himself would have approved of. A good road round the whole space, now skirting the greenest coppice-embowered meadows, now plunging amid thick shady woods, and now again commanding a view of that lower range of the Apennine which shuts in the happy valley called after the Arno, makes a rarely equalled drive. There is no describing, without the aid of brush and palette and a right skillful hand to use them, the exceeding beauty of the view towards this mountain range, especially about the hour of an autumnal sunset. Passing over the strip of highly cultivated and rich alluvial flat which forms the bottom of the Valdarno, the eye is charmed with the extraordinary multitude of villas, with their surrounding trees and gardens, which stud the lower slopes of the hills. These are the abounding evidences of the luxury and wealth of the ante-ducal days of Florence, which so struck Aristotle by their number as to lead him to say, that if Florence could gather them within her walls, she would be equal to two such cities as Rome. Above these rises the range of hills which, under the names of Monte Morello, Monte Acuto, and the Mugello Hills, forms the barrier of the Val d'Arno. At the hour I have named they are all bathed in a rose-colored bloom, gradually deepening into purple plum color, as the short southern twilight dies away; and then whitening into pale ghosts of mountains, as the moon rises over the slender tower of Fiesole on its saddle-backed hill to the right, and far away in the same direction, over the dark pine forests of Vallombrosa, the sombre darkness of which sullenly refuses to smile beneath the pale ray like every neighbor hill around.

But before the last of these phantasmagoric changes has taken place, the band that has been playing among the rhododendron clumps in front of the handsome range of buildings containing all the dairy accommodation and appurtenances, has finished the last favorite bit from Verdi's last opera, and the last lingering carriage of all the closely-packed crowd drawn up in the open graveled area between the building and the band, has moved off towards the city. 'Tis the mode with the cosmopolite Florentine "upper ten" to halt in the spot described, after their drive for half an hour or so, before returning to the city. Some like to listen to the music, many enjoy the cool evening air blowing down from the hills. Almost all love dearly the polyglot flirting at carriage doors and windows, most conveniently and amicably performed when a dismounted cavalier is stationed on either side of a carriage containing two fair dames. All feel the absolute necessity of remain-

ing in the spot, where fashion has decreed that it is at that hour essential to be found. So it often occurs that thinly-clad belles, who have been yielding to one or all of these temptations, may be seen gathering handkerchiefs and scarfs closely around delicate throats, while they are carried off through the darkening avenues at a sharp trot. For our *Cascine* with all its unrivaled charms, has, truth to tell, the reputation of being not wholly salubrious during the first hour after sunset. A light fleecy mist may at such times be observed to settle down upon it, while Florence and the neighboring hills are as free from damp as at mid-day. The bright emerald green of the meadows hints that all the advantages of different climates cannot be perfectly combined. And it unfortunately happens in this, as in some other cases, that the sanitary laws and those of "la mode," taking no cognizance whatever of each other's edicts, are apt to be a little at variance on the subject of evening drives to the *Cascine*.

But despite the habits of fashion, the social life of Florence is, perhaps, the least aristocratically exclusive of any to be found in the cities of Europe. There is even still deep down at the bottom of the national character a foundation of republican sentiment, surviving from the grand old days when Florence was said to be "the most republican of all republics," which very perceptibly modifies the manners and ways of the people. "Nobili" and "Snobili" are right classical Tuscan terms. Yet the division signified by them is a more impassable one on the banks of the Thames than on those of the Arno. Accordingly, we have no Hyde Park for the one class, and Victoria Park for the other. Our beautiful *Cascine* serves for all. And the working people of both races are quite as alive to its charm, quite as fond of enjoying it, quite as anxious to make themselves smart for the occasion of doing so, and often—taking into consideration the advantages imparted to a Manchester cotton-print by a lithe figure, and the disadvantages inflicted by a dowdy one on a French muslin—quite as successful in achieving that end.

But, although holidays are by no means such rare things in Florence as they are in London, still every day is not a holiday. Some are only half-holidays. There are even a few which are not holidays at all. And the snobility population, for the most part, limits its *Cascine* gayeties to those which are. Nor for that reason, it is to be observed, do the non-working classes at all take it into their heads that pleasure-seeking becomes thereby "vulgar" on a holiday. On the contrary, the same days which witness the greatest concourse of plebeians in all sorts of places of resort for the purpose of recreation, witness also an increase of the throng of patricians.

But there are certain days in the year when the true cockney Florentine especially makes a point of visiting the *Cascine*. It is in the prime of the early summer, in May, that the working world of Florence make their great *Cascine* holiday. A "merenda," or luncheon to be eaten in the southern meadow on the bank of the Arno, is the great enjoyment looked forward to, and the object, in many cases, of weeks of previous careful saving and scraping.

It is one of the very rare occasions on which eating and drinking enters into the plan of popular Florentine holiday-making. But very little out of the little that the working-classes can spend, or ought, beyond the bare necessities of life, goes on what we northerners especially designate as creature-comforts. The theatre, cigars, a drive in a hackney-coach, six inside, the lottery, and dress, have all prior claims to the stomach. In no community in Europe, probably, is so large a proportion of the income of the entire society spent in dress as in Florence. The northern visitor, whose eye has been attracted by a pretty face at the window of a humble tenement, with its magnificent raven tresses most artistically dressed, and a finely-shaped bust encased in a snow-white and well-fitting bodice, could never imagine, that the reason why the fair one thus contended herself with exhibiting half her pretty person at the window instead of showing the whole of it among the holiday crowd in the streets, consisted in the dire impossibility of accomplishing a presentable toilette for more than one half of herself.

In a fish-tail ends the form so fair above,

says Horace, speaking of a mermaid; and the case in question is almost as distressing:

In a bedgown ends the form so fair above.

At all events, Laura Vanni, the daughter of old Laudadio Vanni, the jeweler and goldsmith on the Ponte Vecchio, was as good a girl as a good man could wish to make a wife of, and as good a daughter as her father could desire, and very much better than he deserved. And yet had it entered the old man's head to propose to her that any portion of her habiliments should be contrived with a view to disfiguring rather than enhancing the ad-

vantages of face and figure with which Nature had endowed her, it is probable that an absurdity so monstrous in her eyes would have made a rebel of her. That it should be enjoined on her by any of the higher duties or sanctions, that she should make herself appear less beautiful than she might do, would have been so new, so unheard-of, so utterly incomprehensible to her; that it would have been a hopeless task to introduce such an idea into her brain.

Heaven knows her little toilette was simple enough on the morning on which I wish to present her to the reader, as she walked with her father and a couple of other individuals, to their annual festival in the Cascine. She had a plain white dress of some far from costly material, with a simple broad hem at the bottom—a skirt I believe I should say, for I mean only to speak of that part of it which robed her from the waist downwards. It was simple and cheap; but it was made of modest amplitude, and was irreproachably washed, starched, and ironed. Her bust to the waist was dressed in a black silk jacket, open in front so as to show a bit of worked muslin of the form of an inverted pyramid, extending downward to within an inch of the sash at the waist. This bodice also was quite plain. But it sat to perfection on the rich contours of her figure. Large heavy bands of dark brown wavy hair were skillfully arranged on either side of her face, and were surmounted by one of those coquettish dark brown hats which are assuredly the most becoming head-gear that fashion has yet invented for the young and pretty; though many of those who are both silly enough to let themselves be cheated out of the use of it by the stupid declaration of those who are neither, that it is "vulgar," only because the simplicity and easy cost of it place it within the reach of many.

And now how can I give an idea of the face that was beneath the hat, and between the bands of her hair? It was a face of the veritable Florentine type, with smaller features, more delicately chiseled, more expressive of intelligence, more mobile, than Roman female beauty. There was none of the massive dignity and harmonious repose of the Roman type of loveliness. A much larger portion of the charm of the Tuscan girl depended on the soul within, expressing its meanings through the large well-opened clear grey eyes, and in the constant play of the lines of the mouth. Altogether, there was less of purely animal perfection. The type of countenance was the product of a race that had passed through many generations of a higher civilization than modern Rome has achieved. The delicately-formed rounded little chin, with its dimple in the middle, was somewhat prominent. The mouth beautifully shaped, and capable of an infinity of varying expression. The lips might perhaps have been called too thin, and might have been held to indicate that form would be considered more important than color. The nose small, thin, and straight, but the least in the world retroussée. The great grey eyes were exceptional in a model Florentine head, and seemed to indicate that a rill of northern blood had in some antecedent generation been mingled with that of Laura Vanni's Tuscan Forefathers. The eyebrows above these remarkable eyes were straight and strongly marked, and the brow was slightly projecting. The forehead, of very fair height, was rounded rather than straight, and indicated an organization in which the perceptive faculties were more strongly developed than the purely intellectual ones.

Three male companions were escorting pretty Laura to the Cascine. Of these, two seniors walked together in front. One was old Laudadio Vanni, and the other his intimate friend and gossip, and Laura's godfather, the Cavaliere Niccolo Sestini, who, having as a clerk in some one of the innumerable public offices spent his life till sixty years of age in doing as nearly as possible nothing, was now in the enjoyment of a pension of some eighteen pence a day, and of the felicity of having nothing *whatever* to do from morning till night. He had possessed this happiness for the last ten years, and still deemed his lot a most enviable one. He was a bachelor, and his friend Vanni a widower of many years' standing. In appearance the two old men were singularly contrasted. The cavaliere was a short, fat, roundabout little man, with a head shaped like the large end of an egg, and a skull as bald as an egg-shell; rosy fat cheeks, from which every vestige of whisker, beard, or moustache, was scrupulously shaven; and a face utterly void of any expression save that of profound contentment and placidity.

The old jeweler, Laudadio Vanni, was a very much more remarkable-looking man. His unusually tall and strangely-slender figure was alone sufficient to attract attention; but the impression produced by it was exceedingly enhanced by an abundance of long straggling locks of silvery whiteness, which were blown about by the breeze as he walked, carrying his hat in his hand, and by an ample and flowing beard of the same hue. But the singular ex-

pression of his face was needed to complete the portrait, which the memory of those who saw him rarely failed to retain. It was long, narrow, and emaciated as his body. The forehead was higher and straighter than his daughter's, but much narrower, and remarkably pinched about the temples. But the eye was what gave the whole face its peculiar and striking expression. It was the same large clear grey eye that Laura had, scarcely dimmed by old Laudadio's eight-and-seventy years, but with a strange wildness and eagerness of expression that seemed to impart something almost "uncanny" to the physiognomy. The head might have been taken as a model for that of some rapt Ossianic bard, had it not been that there was a certain meanness about the lines of the mouth and in the expression of the narrow retiring forehead that would have been inconsistent with the idea. The old man stooped a little, not at the shoulders, but at the hips; and the attitude thus given to his body, joined to the slight protrusion of the chin, caused by the habitual rectification of the stoop, gave an air of restless anxiety to the figure which was very striking.

The fourth member of the party was, like old Vanni, a goldsmith and jeweler; but, though he had reached his five-and-thirtieth year, he was not yet master of a shop and business of his own. A better workman at his art than Carlo Bardi could not be found in Florence, and that is saying a great deal. Nor could there have been found a more thrifty man, which, as these are especially Florentine virtues, is saying much more. But Carlo had been unfortunate—had been obliged to support entirely a sickly sister, and pay the debts of a worthless brother. Both these had now been dead some years, however, and Carlo was once again beginning to hope that he should achieve the establishment of a shop and business of his own, and fulfill the almost equally long-deferred hope of making Laura Vanni his wife. It was quite understood between them long ago that the hope was mutual; and their talk, as arm in arm they followed the two old men along the path by the bank of the Arno, was accordingly more of material interests, and less of the pleasant nonsense of love-making, than might have been the case some eight or ten years before. For Laura, I am shocked to say, had reached her seven-and-twentieth year.

When they reached the favorite meadow selected by the Florentines for the annual celebration of their "merenda" festival, the ground was almost entirely occupied by parties of four or five, or sometimes ten or twelve, covering with their clean white cloths, pitched in most unexclusive neighborhood to each other, nearly the whole turf. The porter hired for the occasion, who had been sent on with the materials of our friends' "merenda," had selected for them what he deemed a desirable spot. But the old cavaliere was not so easily contented. One place was exposed to the wind from the hills, another would be in the full sun in half an hour; a third did not command a view of the "palazzo vecchio" tower; and he had eaten his "merenda" in sight of that every Ascension-day for the last ten years. His old friend the while took no part in his search for a spot to suit him, but seemed, with his strange eager look, intently occupied in counting the numbers of the different parties on the ground around—counting the men, counting the women (for almost every knot was composed of family parties)—counting everything he could see, and all with an appearance of the strangest interest.

At last, old Niccolo—"Il Cavaliere," as his friend Vanni never failed to call him—found a spot to his liking; and the little party seated themselves on the grass, and made the necessary preparations for their feast. It cannot be said that the cavaliere's choice of a locality was a bad one. It was close under the thick tall hedge that forms the boundary of the meadow furthest from the city. The river was thus on their left; the meadow crowded with the holiday-makers, and the more or less pretentious and luxurious preparations for eating and drinking, with the towers and domes of the city in the distance, in front of them; and the thick woods of the Cascine, and above and beyond these the hill of Fiesole, with its tower and its villas, to the right.

Laura drew forth from their store a clean white cloth, and four very coarse, but nicely washed, napkins; while the cavaliere was ascertaining that the flasks of wine had traveled safely in the basket made expressly for the purpose of carrying a couple of Florentine flasks, and consisting of two circular receptacles some nine inches in diameter, and as much in depth, joined together at one point of their circumference, and surmounted by a semi-circular handle. Such a contrivance is needed for moving the fragile egg-shell-like flasks, which enter so largely into Tuscan domestic uses. Flasks for wine, flasks for oil, flasks for milk, flasks for medicine, flasks for water. The legal Florence flask contains seven pounds' weight of wine, and is equal to nearly three ordinary bottles. But the glass is of the very thinnest; and even the

baskets described above would fail in securing their large bulging sides and long slender necks from frequent breakage, were they not invariably covered with a rush-work coat as high as the shoulder. The neck, which ends without any rim, and looks just as if it had been irregularly broken off, is so slender, that corking it in our fashion is out of the question. The Florentine, therefore, when he has filled his wine-flask, pours into the narrow neck a little drop of olive oil, which, resting on the wine to the thickness of about half an inch, effectually and hermetically closes the aperture. A wisp of straw, or, oftener still, a vine-leaf, loosely placed in the mouth of the opening, serves to keep out flies, dust, and such matters, and the flasks, which of course remain always upright on their rush-plaited bottoms, may stay thus for years. When wanted, a morsel of wool or cotton thrust into the neck of the flask readily absorbs the oil, which is thus removed; or, without any such contrivance, a practised Florentine hand will toss the oil out with a jerk, without spilling a drop of the wine.

"There!" said the cavaliere, "those ought to be a couple of flasks of as good Pomino as you would wish to drink. I went to the bishop's cellar for them myself yesterday."

"Red wine—that gives me the number 33. I want my third number!" muttered old Vanni; "a very remarkable combination."

"Does all the Pomino vineyard belong to the Bishop of Fiesole?" asked Carlo.

"All," replied Signor Sestini; "but the worst of it is, that the bishop has other farms besides, on which he makes a very inferior wine; and his lord is just as apt to mix his flasks, and cheat his customers, as any wine-shop-keeper in Florence."

"Bishop is number 32!" cried Vanni; "very curious indeed."

Laura had by this time spread the cloth, and produced a long loaf of brownish bread, two feet or near it in length, by four inches in width, and three in height; a quantity of "salame," or Bologna sausage, uncooked thinly sliced, and wrapped in abundance of fresh vine-leaves; some salad; a quarter of roast lamb—the grand dish of the repast—about as large as a good-sized quarter of rabbit; and some apples.

The fat little cavaliere and ex-clerk fell to at once; and the young people followed his example. But old Laudadio's head was still running meditatively on his numbers.

"The three objects of discourse that first spontaneously strike your mind, and take your attention," said he, more to himself than to his companions; "certainly they were the red wine, the bishop, and the apples. Why did my mind fix on those in preference to all the other things spoken of? Aha! there is the force of the cabala. I multiply the number of the first object by that of the second, and thus get 1050. I multiply this again by the number of the third, and this gives me 2100."

"But what is the connection," said Carlo, with something almost like a groan, "between red wine and the number 33, or between a bishop and number 32?"

"What is the connection," returned the old man, sharply; "does not every one know that there is a profound and mystical relation between certain numbers and every object in nature and art, and every act which a man can do? Are they not recorded in the book which contains the result of the life-long labors of the greatest sages of the generations past?" And putting his hand in the pocket of the threadbare old long frock-coat, which hung loosely on his attenuated figure as on a clothes-horse, he pulled forth a dirty, greasy, and well-thumbed volume, entitled "Fortune for all Men. A Book of Dreams for Players in the Lottery. The last improved edition, published at Florence, in 1858." "Here," said he, laying his tremulous hand reverently on the book, "here is the connection, friend Carlo," and proceeding hurriedly to refer to his oracle, he turned to a kind of dictionary of all sorts of objects, name, and actions, which occupied one hundred and eighty-six out of its two hundred and fifty-six pages, and pointed to the above-mentioned numbers appended to the objects in question. "Ah! the science of numbers is a great and wonderful science!" said he.

"But to think of your knowing the numbers denoted by the red wine, the bishop and the apples, without turning to the book!" said the old cavaliere, with evident admiration. "Ah, my friend, what a head! what a mind you have!"

"Why, papa knows every number in the list, I do believe," said Laura, laying her hand on the old man's silver locks, as he sat beside her, and kissing him on the forehead; "few know as much of the cabala as papa does."

"Few have studied them, perhaps, as profoundly and as long," returned he, with the mock humility of gratified vanity. "But, alas! Art is long, and the longest life short."

"The longest life would indeed be too short, I fear, to reach the

goal of your studies, Signor Vanni," said Carlo, not without bitterness.

"Who knows!" cried the old man, fiercely. "Who knows when the reward may come to the watchful and unwearied student—come in a moment, suddenly, unexpectedly, rich and abundant! 2100, I said. Multiply this by the number of the current year, add the golden number, and with the product from the pyramid of the great Rutilio of Calabria. Take the second line of it for your first number, the two figures at the right hand of the base for your second, and the two figures at the left hand for your third number; place these beneath your pillow at night; and, should you dream of them, the result is sure;—almost sure," added the old dreamer, with a long-drawn sigh.

The cavaliere, meanwhile, was doing great execution among the eatables; and it was not till the last diminutive bone of the cat-like lamb was picked, that he lit his cigar, and soon afterwards fell asleep in perfect beatitude smoking it. The old jeweler ate very sparingly, and fell to conning his book, and doing endless multiplications and additions. The lovers, of course, were happy, and busy in talk of their hopes of shortly accomplishing the long-awaited for marriage. And thus the merenda lasted far into the afternoon; and it was nearly sunset when the little party started to walk by the river-bank to Florence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

FROM A LADY'S LETTER TO ANOTHER LADY.

The life of an ancient Egyptian lady was not so very different from that of our modern belles. Fancy yourself one, and I will tell all you would do. You rise in the morning and perform your toilet by the aid of a mirror of polished metal, whose handle is in the form of some monster—to heighten, by contrast, the beauty of the reflected features. You lengthen your eyebrows with kohl, and paint a dark rim around your eyes to make them look languishing, and you tint your fingers with rose-colored hennah. Then your maids oil and perfume your hair and plait it in narrow braids which hang down behind. You array yourself in fine linen and broderie, and I am afraid I shall frighten your husband if I tell him of the gold and silver jewels you adorn yourself withal. Bracelets of serpents and asps, and the holy scarabæus, rings and earrings of all imaginable shapes; Mediterranean shells, the flowers of the lotus, or waving papyrus, a slender palm leaf, grapes, bells, the sacred cat, or Path's hideous head, made of all precious things; necklaces of lapis lazuli, with hanging ornaments of every shape that the cunning artificers of Memphis can invent. You deck your feet with sandals of gilt and painted leather, or perhaps with the cool papyrus slipper. Perhaps you go upon the house-top to have a chat with your neighbor; but, no, I think you will wait till the cool of the evening for that. May be your husband will go fishing this fine morning, and as you see him coming, you prepare a bouquet of the favorite lotus to offer him on his arrival. Then you accompany him to the papyrus boat, and watch the sport. As the boat wanders among the rushes, you sometimes grasp at them to steady it, and you applaud heartily as a skillful throw of the double spear captures two of the finny tribe. It is evident that the ancient husband has all the love for music that distinguishes the modern one; for his wife entertains him, after the fatigue of the morning's sport, with airs on the harp, while other members of the family accompany her on the lyre and guitar. Afterwards you beat him at a game of chess, and the rest of the day is passed perhaps at a dinner party at a friend's, or in entertaining company at home. In this case, your guests admire your elegant furniture of foreign wood, your glass vases of many colors and rare and elegant ornaments. The gentlemen note each other's wigs, their shape and size (for all are close shaven), while the ladies compare their ear-rings, and give various opinions upon the relative merits of kohl and antimony for darkening the eyes. Soon the servants bring in the sumptuous dinner, and the guests do full justice to the meats and vegetables (you ate onions there), and pastry; and you may be sure the wines are not neglected. During the dinner, and after it, your guests are entertained by a band of musicians, while dancers and buffoons add to their amusement. You end the day by ascending to the house-top to enjoy the delicious moonlight, such as no other land can boast, and gaze away into the west, where the great desert's sand seems to roll in golden billows. Your bed is of elegant shape, and as you rest your head upon the alabaster pillow and offer

your last prayer to the Sun, that he will lighten you through other happy days, let me hope that gentle sleep will soon embrace you, and all evil dreams flee far away.

The ancient Egyptians were, without doubt, acquainted with the art of glass-making. I have seen paintings on the tombs representing glass-blowers, and others of bottles half full of wine, where its red color is represented as visible through the clear glass. In one of the tombs a glass bead was found bearing the king's name. If I remember rightly, it was that of Thothenes III, the Pharaoh of the Exodus. It seems to be also evident that they carried the manufacture of colored glass to a perfection which has not yet been attained by modern artists. Some specimens of their workmanship have received the highest commendation. One piece of glass was found in which the colors were arranged to form the figure of a bird somewhat resembling a duck, and in this the different colors continued through the entire thickness, so that if a horizontal section of any depth was made, the figures would still remain perfect. The microscope shows that the whole of this specimen is formed of minute cylinders of different colors, welded or fused together with a precision and accuracy which workmen of our day try in vain to emulate. You can imagine what progress they had made in art when they were able to manufacture these microscopic cylinders of various colors, and then fuse them together into any shape.

Nevertheless, they did not use glass windows then. The advantage of having a window of glass is simply to keep out the air while it lets in the light, and is peculiarly a necessity of northern countries. In Egypt, where comfort absolutely demands shelter from the sun's parching rays, and where, even if its direct beams are excluded, the very light, reflected from the white hills and glowing sands, is almost intolerable, the necessity was exactly the reverse—to admit the air while keeping the light out. "Necessity is the mother of invention," you know; and the lack of this necessity was, in my opinion, the only reason for the lack of the invention. They were certainly far enough advanced to have made it. At a very early period they made successful imitations of the amethyst, emerald and other precious stones, and a large proportion of foreign commerce was in these spurious gems.

The Egyptians excelled in other departments of manufacture. You remember that Ezekiel, in speaking of the wealth and splendor of Tyre, says, "Fine linen with brodered work from Egypt was that which spreadest forth to be thy sail." This was written, however, in Egypt's later day, 588 B.C. The Egypt of which I have been speaking is that ancient land which Abraham visited, and where Joseph's brethren sought refuge. In those remote days the Egyptians enjoyed many of the refinements of civilization, and we may trace, in the history of the exodus of the Jews the influence of the art and culture they had left behind. Egypt had taught them how to make the sacred statue of Apis long before they erected the golden calf in the wilderness; but afterwards they used the knowledge they had acquired in a worthier service. When "the wise-hearted women did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen," they were honoring their God with those talents and that skill which had at first been employed in the service of their heathen mistresses; and we may be sure that God used the proper Egyptian workmen as instruments in teaching Bezaleel and Aholiab "in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship; and to devise curious works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in carving of work, to make any manner of cunning work, to work all manner of wood of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, of the embroiderer, and of the weaver. Some specimens of the ancient linen are perfectly wonderful. Their fineness and evenness are equal to that of our finest cambric. You can imagine what excellence they had attained in this manufacture when I tell you that, in one specimen, 140 threads were counted in a square inch, and in another 180.

A TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—We have received an excellent letter from a Grantsville friend, urging the necessity of the establishment of a Teachers' Institute, or an organization for the purpose of securing uniform methods of teaching, as well as—that great necessity of our Territory—uniformity in the kind of books used in our schools. An organization of this kind at which the teachers of the Territory could periodically meet and discuss these and similar questions would be a blessing to our community. We urge attention to the subject and regret that our space will not permit us to say more in favor of it at present.

Correspondence.

EDITORS UTAH MAGAZINE:

GENTLEMEN—As a member of the "great public," permit me to thank you for the excellent manner in which you have thus far conducted your worthy periodical; and for such a beautiful display in its columns of original, talented, home-made articles—the high appreciation of which is, I presume, ten times more than you have ever dreamt of.

The UTAH MAGAZINE is now an absolute necessity—such as the thinking portion of Utah (whose ranks are by no means thin) cannot dispense with. The bold, firm, and unyielding, yet fair, intelligent and impartial stand which it has taken, has drawn towards it admiration from the hearts of all classes through the land, and laid for itself a foundation for a wide circulation and great success. Think not this flattery; for such must certainly be its happy fate, if the editors thereof do not change base and detract from the advocacy of principles so bold as at present adorn the pages of their weekly luminary.

Wherever I go, I hear naught but praises bestowed upon its head, accompanied with a wish that it might ever continue in its development of mighty truth to the world. For the people are satisfied that the great want of this world below—Truth—is competent enough to take care of itself, and the rough handling it might receive from us will only make it to appear brighter, and then it will have no naked deformity to present when the veil between us and it is rent asunder; but like the fountain of light itself the nearer we approach it the more we can perceive its beauty and goodness.

Your articles on "Steadying the Ark," "Our Workman's Wages," "A Real Representative of the Most High," "The True Development of the Territory," "Justifiable Obedience," and scores of others are certainly a great treat to thousands; and depend upon it, they are greatly if not duly appreciated by immense numbers. They are certainly an array of self-evident truths; all candid, thinking men readily accord them praise, and rejoice at the multiplication of means for carrying the grand, impressive truths of the gospel.

When knowledge and light march hand-in-hand with a firm step, ignorance must melt into nothing. God will be revealed as He is, although it may be galling to crabby, sanctimonious, self-righteous souls to find that there are others in the world who toil, not for pay alone, but who live for their fellow-creatures, who aim at worshipping God with all the fervor of their souls; but probably on account of their more enlarged views are not minutely scrupulous in the observance of outward ceremonies, and yet move in accordance with the will of Heaven. Presenting no zeal disproportionate to their knowledge, and never led by blind fanaticism.

The "great future" will undoubtedly discharge from its hold many surprises; but should we find glory bestowed upon heads contrary to our expectation, we should not feel grieved: it should be our aim to rejoice at the welfare of others. Nothing but merit will bring us exaltation, and against the rewarding of that noble quality, no one should raise his hand. The heaven we ourselves make will be the only one we shall enjoy; therefore, no one should envy us of that which we labored hard for. Neither would our enjoyment of a blessed abode on a celestialized world lessen the glory of the habitations of some one else any more than would the borrowing of a light from a candle rob it of that which gives it luster. Then let truth spread on in its progress, chasing away ignorance and superstition, and imparting to mankind a great conception of the life that is, and the life that is to come.

May prosperity attend your laudable exertions, and peace and plenty be your portion, is the desire of

Your well-wisher,

CARABANTOS.

Salt Lake City, Oct. 15, 1869.

"Willie's Wish."

WORDS BY MISS S. E. CARMICHAEL.

MUSIC BY J. M. MACFARLANE, ST. GEORGE.

Andante con-espressione.

mf *f*

SOPRANO

1. I wish I were a star, ma'ma, I wish I were a star; And you would always look for me Up to the heav'ns so far.

MEZZO SOPRANO

p *mf* *f*

TENORE.

2 And when the dark night came ma'ma You'd never need a light, For I would al-ways shine for you and shine so very bright.

p *mf* *f*

BASSO.

PIANO

p *mf* *f*

f

Your path would ne'er be dark, ma'ma, For I'd be sure to shine, If oth - er stars for-got their place, I'd al-ways be in mine.

p *f* *f*

I know you love me now, mamma, So kind and good you are, But you would know who Willie loves If he could be a star.

p *f*

THE UTAH ADVERTISER.

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Our friends will find at Mr. Waters' store the very best assortment of Pianos, Melodeons and Organs to be found in the United States. —*Graham's Magazine*

MUSICAL DOINGS.—Since Mr. Waters gave up publishing sheet music, he has devoted his whole capital and attention to the manufacture and sale of Pianos and Melodeons. He has just issued a catalogue of his new instruments, giving a new scale of prices, which shows a marked reduction from former rates, and his Pianos have recently been awarded the First Premium at several Fairs. Many people of the present day, who are attracted, if not confused, with the flaming advertisements of rival piano houses, probably overlook the modest manufacturer like Mr. Waters; but we happen to know that his instruments earned him a good reputation long before positions and "honors" connected therewith were ever thought of; indeed, we have one of Mr. Waters' Piano-fortes now in our residence, (where it has stood for years,) of which any manufacturer in the world might be proud. We have always been delighted with it as a sweet-toned and powerful instrument, and there is no doubt of its durability; more than this, some of the best amateur players in the city, and several celebrated pianists, have performed on the said piano, and all pronounce it a superior and first-class instrument. Stronger indorsement we could not give. —*Home Journal*.

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ALLCOCK'S POROUS STRENGTHENING PLASTERS.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the results of studies and experiments of Dr. Schecut, of South Carolina; of Dr. Wm. Wagstaff, now Baron Wagstaff, of Horace H. Day, the distinguished manufacturer of rubber goods; and of Thomas Allcock, Chemist and member of the College of Pharmacy of New York, now General Allcock, etc., etc.

Step by step this commodity has attained its unprecedented fame. They are universally approved. They support, strengthen, and aid the growth of muscles. They appear to have a peculiar effect upon the nerves, allaying irritability, while supplying warmth. They seem to accumulate electricity, and aid the circulation of the blood through the part where applied, by which healthy actions are induced. Even in paralysis, where articulation was suspended, the use of the Porous Plasters to the spine restored the articulation, and materially reduced the paralysis. In fact, the patient could help herself, while before the Porous plaster was applied she was as helpless as a baby. We refer to Mrs. Sally Elliot, Springfield, Mass.

Dr. Myer, of Savannah, Ga., says they are the best mechanical supporters for weak muscles ever discovered; that by their warming properties they bring power and health, until the strength of the muscles are entirely restored. That he knows a case where Allcock's Plasters cured a gentleman of a weak spine. That he daily prescribes them in his practice with the happiest results, and desires us to refer to him.

Dr. Henderson, of Farnville, Louisiana, says: "The counter-irritant effect of Allcock's Porous Plasters is produced in such a mild and gradual way, they so invigorate the circulation around the parts to which they are applied, and exert upon all nervous diseases such a great sedative influence, that I place them confidently at the head of every plaster now in use."

Dr. Johnson, of Hartford, says: "My daily experience confirms the very superior excellence of your Porous Plasters. At this moment of writing, a man applies for one, who, by entanglement in a shaft of machinery, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay five dollars for a single plaster, if they could not be had at a lower rate. Surgeons should make use of these perforated plasters, to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other plasters with which I am acquainted, while the perforations peculiar to them render them greatly superior to all others for ordinary surgical uses. Knowing the plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known."

J. W. JOHNSON, M. D.

Dr. Sterling's testimony: "For two years, I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in the head, and found only temporary relief from all the various remedies that I have tried, until I applied one of Allcock's Porous Plasters. I cut it into three strips, placing one under each shoulder blade, and the other over the small of the back; and for the past three months, I have had scarcely a twinge of the old pain."

I advise all who suffer from nervous diseases to lose no time in making a trial of the wonderful Porous Plaster.

A. F. STERLING, Sec. Singer Mfg. Co. New York, June 8, 1868.

MEDICINAL QUALITIES

POROUS PLASTERS.

The Porous Plaster is the most powerful warming and sustaining quality of the combined plasters of the distinguished Dr. Schecut, of South Carolina, and Dr. Wm. Wagstaff, now Baron Wagstaff, of Horace H. Day, the distinguished manufacturer of rubber goods; and of Thomas Allcock, Chemist and member of the College of Pharmacy of New York, now General Allcock, etc., etc. It is a powerful stimulant and pain-killer, and is used in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, etc., etc. It is also used in all cases of paralysis, and in all cases of weakness of the muscles, and in all cases of general debility. It is a powerful tonic, and is used in all cases of general debility, and in all cases of weakness of the muscles, and in all cases of paralysis. It is a powerful stimulant and pain-killer, and is used in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, etc., etc. It is also used in all cases of paralysis, and in all cases of weakness of the muscles, and in all cases of general debility. 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